



silenc'd, and *Thompson* muzzl'd, and *Care* run away, and *Curtis* and *Janeway* (Poor Snails!) had pull'd in their Horns, and were crept into their Original *Shells*, I was in hopes the Nation should no more have been pester'd with this *Make-bate-Trumpery*; But since the *Incorrigible Squire* scribbles on as eagerly as ever, I see no reason why we may not put in for a *Snack*; For a *Pamphlet's a Pamphlet*, whether it be writ by *Roger the Fidler*, or *Ralph the Corn-Cutter*.

*Ralph*. But I bar all discourse of *Religion* or *Government*, and *Reflections* on particular Persons.

*Nobbs*. Prethee hast thou got a new Invention to make *Butter* without *Cream*? Or the Apothecaries Trick, to give us *Oxycrociun*, and not a dram of *Saffron* in't? Alas man! 'tis the very *Essence* of an *Observer* to be full of *Mysteries of State*, and its Priviledge to fall foul on any Body. How many hundreds have been *Libell'd* that way? Nay, Persons of *highest Honour and Office* have scarce escap'd him of late. Suppose I have a mind to a good warm Place of *Credit and Profit*, (and for such Dainties *Old Men* may *Long*, as well as *Young Women*) what have I to do, but Print an *Observer*, upbraid the *Government* with my *Services* and *Disappointments*, acquaint the World what *Preferments* I would be at, and put my *Superiours* roundly in mind on't; As much as to say, *Sirs! You are ungrateful, and neither understand your own Interest, nor my Merits*. Then suppose I receive a *Rub* from some Persons of *Quality* that don't think me worthy; Straight I at 'em with another *Observer*;

tor, and Expose 'em as *Trimmers* and *Betrayers* of the Government ; and so Revenge my self, that no body for the future shall dare *Oppose* my Pretensions.

*Ralph.* A clever Course ! But methinks somewhat *sawey* ; and he that practises it deserves no other Advancement but to the Pillory or Whipping-Post. However, since there's an Old Proverb—*That One may better steal a Steed, than Another peep over the Hedge* ; I know not whether every *Observator* may be allow'd the like Prerogative : Therefore still I say I'll not meddle with *Edg-Tools*.

*Nobbs.* What then shall we talk of nothing at all ?

*Ralph.* No, but of something *next to Nothing*, that is, the *Observator* Himself : I go sometimes to *SAM's*, where People cry him up as the *Atlas* of the *Church*, the *Argus* of the *State*, the very *Buckle and Thong* of *Loyalty* : And you see how he vapours of his Forty Years Service to the Crown : Therefore I would gladly be inform'd what Mighty Exploits he perform'd during the Old Rebellion, what Commands he had, how many Thousand Pounds he expended, what Scars of Honour he received.

*Nobbs.* You must note, The Gentleman was a *Younger Brother*, (the Scandal of a worthy Family, who have long been asham'd of him) and so far from being able to Contribute to the Royal Cause, that during his Youth, *Phill. Porter's Blow* was his best Maintenance ; and 'tis observ'd, That he

liv'd more splendidly under the *Usurper*, than ever before or since : Whence some have thought, that the same Wind which hurried Old *Noll* to Old *Nick*, might also puff away this Gallant's Coach and Horses : For though he kept such an Equipage before, they were never afterwards visible.

*Ralph*. This is nothing to his Personal Gallantry ; Perhaps he Rescu'd the Standard at *Edg-hill*, storm'd Towns (as Mountebanks draw Teeth) with a Touch, or Routed whole Armies of the Rebels, like *Almanzor*.

*Nobbs*. No, no ; *Valour* is none of his Tallent : He has more *Wit* then to hazard his *Precious Person* with any *Gun* but *Joan's* ; wisely considering, that if a man happen to be *Spitted through the Lungs*, or have his *Brains* dull'd with a *Lump of Lead*, 'twould go near to spoil his writing of *Observers for ever*, and then what would become of the *Government* ? He marches, indeed, equipp'd with a *Sword*, but 'tis onely for Ornament : for he has not so much *Courage* as a *Guinney-Pig* ; a Boy of Fourteen may at any time *dis-arm* him with a *Bean-Stalk*. Did you never hear how Captain C. of *Richmond* **Observed** him ? Or how the *Life-Guard-Man* wrought a *Miracle*, and (for a moment) made him honest.

*Ralph*. Of the first I have had some inkling ; he had *Libell'd* some of the Captains Relations, who thereupon gave him the Discipline of the *Battoo*, and made him *Dance* without his *Fiddle* ; which he receiv'd as became a *Philosopher* : And 'tis the best Argument he has to prove him a *Christian*,

*stian*, because *Preces & Lachryme* were all his Defence. ---- But for the Adventure of the Lifeguardman, I am in the dark.

*Nobbs*. The Business was thus, — About the year 1677. One *Cole* having a Sheet against Popery, call'd, *A Rod for Rome*, (or some such like Title) bearing hard upon the Jesuites, sent it up for a Pass-Port, Mr. *Observer* refused it, (as he generally did things of that Nature) yet could give no reason; (For he was not so Ungentle as to boast the Kindnesses he did the *Romans*.) Thus it lay by, till after the Discovery of the *Plot*, when the Old man sent it again by Mrs. *Purflow* a Printer: who having made 40 Jaunts in vain, at last sent her Maid for his Positive Answer, but she not being so much in his Favour as *the Lass* (once) in *Duck-lane*, (to whom he never denyed any thing,) he return'd it, swearing most *Bloodily* that he would not *Allow it*: As the *Wench* came forth, who should she meet with but a Gentleman of the Guard, her Acquaintance: who understanding what she had been about, read the Copy, goes back with her, and as soon as he came into the room, displaying the Paper by one corner, as an *Ensign of War*, begins -- *D--me, do you deny such an Honest Thing against the Papists, ha?* The *Observer* was just ready to *Atkinize* his Breeches, and with a thousand French Cringes and Grimaces, Cries---*Good Sir! Noble Sir! As I'm a Gentleman, I never refus'd it, only the Maid importuned me when I was busy*, — and presently *B* scrawl'd the Paper with his *Licentious Fift*; The *Wench* was fumbling for the *Half-Crown*, but her friend,

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pluckt her away abruptly, and our Observator was glad he was so well rid of him, though with the loss of *his Fee*.

*Ralph*. But still where are the Instances of his Atchievements for *Charles the Martyr*? He boasts in twenty of his Pamphlets, how near he was to the Honour of the Gallows; What was he to be Hang'd like *Mum-Chance*, for doing nothing?

*Nobbs*. No, but for doing nothing to the purpose. Did you never see a little *Hocus* by flight of hand popping a piece several times, first out of one Pocket, and then another, perswade Folks he was damnable full of money, when one poor *Sice* was all his Stock: Just to the Iliads of our Observators Loyalty, when Examin'd, dwindle into one single, sorry, ill-manag'd Intrigue at *Lynn*. Which was nakedly thus.

About *Novemb. 44*. The Town of *Lynn* being in the Rebels hands, *the Gentleman you wot on*, pretending abundance of Intetrest there, when indeed he had none at all, procured a Commission from His Majesty to Reduce it, graciously promising him the *government* of the Town, if he could effect it, and payment of all Rewards he should promise, not exceeding 5000*l.* &c. *The Hair-brain'd Undertaker* could think of no other way to Reduce it, but by sending for one Captain *Leamon* of *Lynn*, (one that had taken the *Covenant*, and a known Zealot for the Rebels Cause) to a Papists House two or three miles off, and very discreetly blunders out the Business; shews him his Commission, promises him 1000*l.* and other preferments if he would

would betray the Town, adding, That the King *did value the surprizing that Town as half his Crown.* [A very likely Tale !] *Leamon* perceiving what a weak Tool he had to deal with, seems to comply, but the same night acquaints the Governour, Colonel *Walton*, and (according to promise) meets our Skulking Town-taker next day, but carried with him a Corporal in *Seamans Habit*; To whom he also very frankly shewed his *Commission*. In the mean time, Lieutenant *Stubbing*, and five Souldiers habited like Seamen, came from *Lynn* to the house, and then the disguis'd Corporal seizes our Gallant Undertaker, who tamely surrenders both *his Person and Commission*; and so being brought to *London*, it being proved at a Court Martial at *Guild-Hall*, and by himself Confessed, That he came into the Parliaments Quarters not in an hostile manner as a Souldier, but without *Drum, Trumpet, or Pass*, as a *Spye*, and had tampered with their Officers to betray the Garison; he was for the same Sentenced to be Hanged, *Decemb. 28. 44.* and passing from the Court through the Croud, uttered these Heroick words—*I desire all people would take warning by me, that there may be no more Blood shed in this kind.* However by Appealing to the Lords he shuffled off present Execution, and having lain some time in *Newgate*, obtain'd his Liberty; but upon what *valluable Considerations*, must remain a Riddle, unless his after *Familiarity with Cromwel*, and the unaccountable Port that he afterwards lived in, during those times, help to explain it.

*Ralph*: The Total of the Account then stands thus,



thus,—1. That the Gentleman abused the good King with a *false Story*; It seems he thought it as easy a matter to *Surprize* a Town, as to over-run the *Printers Wife*; but was shamefully defeated in both. 2. He manag'd the Affair like a *rash Coxcomb*, and was out-witted by a dull heavy Round-head. 3. Had it succeeded, though acknowledg'd *Justifiable*, (such practises being often used in Wars, much more in the Case of *Rebels*, where the seeming Treachery is but *Duty*) yet there is little of *Glory* to be derived from such a pitiful Tampering Impley, only it seems he was not judg'd Capable of any more *Brave* and *Honourable*, and therefore must make his most of this. 4. When he was in Danger of the Nooze, he Repented even of this his Loyal undertaking, and *Sneak'd* most pitifully, and at last got off *Suspiciously*.——So much for his Old Services. Now let's hear of his Exploits since the Restauration.

*Nobbs*.—No sooner was that *Blissful Change*, but our *Observer* first endeavour'd to set the old Cavaliers at Variance, and wrot against that faithful Servant to the Crown, the Learned and Loyal Mr. *James Howell*, and as far as he durst snarl'd at the Court and Chief Ministers for not preferring himself (forsooth) as well as others. And to be taken notice of, In Defiance to the *Act of Indemnity*, and of his Majesties most excellent *Declaration touching Ecclesiastick Affairs*, (A Sovereign Balm that was like to heal all our Wounds, and Mortify for ever the Designs of *Rome*) he began to ripp up old Sores, and blow the Coals of Division amongst Protestants,



Protestants under pretence of Exposing the Presbyterians; yet still the Devil of Self-Interest Joggled his Elbow: for the man is known, who being newly come from *Lambeth*, and having received onely Thanks and Benedictions instead of money, swore—*Damme! Let the B—s, henceforwards write for themselves.* After this, despairing of higher place, he aims at the supervisal of the Press (for which his scribbling humour had somewhat adapted him) then gives the Government perpetual (false) Alarms on that side; but having once gain'd the Point, soon learnt the faculty to wink as oft as his Spectacles were Incharmed with the dust of *Peru*. How that Affair was managed, Let the Booksellers Guinies near *Mercers-Chappel*, The Books seized, afterwards privately sold from *Cambray-house*, to be Publisht, &c. be Instances; but especially the known Story of the Printers VVife (before mentioned) in *Bartholomew-Close*, to whom he prostituted the Interest of Church and State, offering to connive at her Husband's Printing Treason, Sedition, Heresy, Schism, any thing, if she would but gratify his brutish Lust.

*Ralph.* But still he was tight to the Church of *England*.

*Nobs.* Of his Zeal therein, there are these undeniable Testimonies.

1. His having been forty times at Mass by his own Confession in Print.

2. His not Receiving the Sacrament, or so much as coming to his Parish-Church 12 long years and upwards.

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3. His

3. His approving Books destructive to all Christianity, As one Intituled, *Anima mundi*, burnt afterwards ( with his hand to it ) by order ( if I mistake not ) of the Reverend Bishop of London : Another called — *A Treatise of Humane Reason*, that deserved the same Fate, as making every mans private Fancy Judge of Religion, the grand Scandal which Papists have these 100 years falsely cast on Protestantism.

4 By Connivance at Popish Pamphlets all the time of his Dictatorship ; Not one having been during those many years honestly Prosecuted by him, though 'tis computed above 100 thousand of them were in that space dispersed, to poison His Majesties Protestant Subjects; Nay on the contrary, as often as that Active Loyal Gentleman, Mr. M. of the Company of Stationers, or any other of the Masters or Wardens, or Mr. Stephens, Messenger of the Press, had discovered any of the Papists Pamphlet-Magazines, this Observer either by secret Intelligence prevented the Seizure, or afterwards shuffled off both Book, and Prosecution, pretending the same appertain'd to his immediate care, and so no more was heard on't.

Ralph. But all the Loyal-world commends his Observators as witty and highly servicable to the Government.

Nobbs. As to the Wit; (no great praise in a Blade of threescore and twelve) 'tis the Observation of Judicious Raleigh, *Nihil est Sapientia Odiosus Acumine Nimio*, Nothing is more an Enemy to Wisdom than Drollery and Over-sharpness of Conceit ; Hot-headed

headed Youths, Unthinking shallow People, are easily taken, (as Larks are by Low-Bells) with a Gingle of words; and perhaps some *She-Politicians* may admire him; But the Graver and more Considerate Loyalists judge no Papers have really been more Prejudicial to his Majesties Interest; His design therein is Evident, The *Act* that formerly gave him *Bread*, being Expired, something must be done for a *Lively-hood*; His *Acquaintance*, his *Interest*, lay on the *Red-Letter'd Side*: who quickly Engage him to Ridicule that *Plot* which his Majesty and four several Parliaments, (after strictest Inquisition) had declar'd *Horrid* and *Damnable*; Hence started up the *Brass Screws*, the *Salamanca Certificate*, and twenty other *Crotchets*, which neither *Secretary Castlemain*, nor *Sing*, nor any of their *St. Omers Pupils* had the luck to think of, and yet altogether as empty, Incoherent, and Nonsensical as their *Oaths* and *Allegations*; But his feeders still not thinking this enough, have of late put him upon another *Jobb*; To expose not only *Fanaticks* and *Whiggs*, but all *Sober Church-men* and Moderate Loyal Protestant Subjects under the foolish, but odious Name of *Trimmers*.

*Ralph*.—But still he avows he writes for the Government.

*Nobbs*. Nothing more false; he writes only for his *Belly*; 'Tis the *Crust* not the *Cause* he leaps at; As long as he Scribbles with such Provocations, tis impossible to stop the other Pamphleteers; Nay he has done *The Faction* the greatest Service of any man living; being the *General Publisher* of their  
Clandestine

Clandestine Pamphlets, and sets People agog to inquire after, and buy them; That Lewd Impudent and Traiterous Libel; *The Second part of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government*, scarce saw the Light, before he proclaimed and repeated it; And if *Huntslawcy Book* have Sold 1000, He is beholden at least for putting off 800 of them, to the *Observer*. Some affirm, that for this (Secret) Service he has a Pension from the Whiggs, equal to his Presents from the Tories; but tis certain when any body Prints an obnoxious Pamphlet, they first send it to him by the Penny-Post, to save 10 s. Charge of putting it in the *Gazet*.

Ralph.—I could not before guess at the Reason why he has of late express'd so much Malice against the honest Messenger of the Press, that according to his Duty faithfully and Impartially discharg'd his Office towards suppressing all Pamphlets, both *Phanatical* and *Popish*; But if this Gentleman gets Friends by the one, and money by the other; tis no wonder, if he have a spight at every body that would Damm up both his Mills at once.—But it grows late, and I am to meet a Friend at Sam's, so Farewel till I see you next.

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